

NARRATOR: [crawl music begins] It is a time of chaos. Without a ruler, the galaxy is paralyzed by lawlessness, unrest, and of course, the colossal Allwheat. [music cuts out] Which looks like if a gas giant were made of burning barf. [uptempo music] Now, Captain Dar and their intrepid crew must survive the looming threats, reunite a fractured galaxy, and meet weird bug creatures and stuff. This... is Mission... to... Zyxx! [crawl music swells]

[Orchestral main theme music]

AJ: Hey Captain, Captain Dar.

DAR: Yeah, what's up AJ?

AJ: I just cleaned out the helmet, so... I know that was something everybody was -

DAR: Really?

AJ: [shouting] Crew, I cleaned out the helmet everyone!

PLECK: Oh, hey, good job.

DAR: You took an order? From me?

AJ: Yeah, I took it.

DAR: [emotional] Come in here buddy, let's hug this out.

[Dar pulls AJ in for a hug]

AJ: Yeah, let's hug it out!

PLECK: AJ, that's really good. That's a great use of your time, I'm just proud of you.

C-53: AJ, sensitive question, but did it stop smelling like butts everywhere you went?

AJ: Yeah, that's totally weird. You know, I cleaned out the filter, took out a lot of the paste that was around there, and now, doesn't smell like butts. Good to go.

PLECK: Oh, what a coincidence.

AJ: Yeah, that's what I thought.

C-53: How much paste was in there?

AJ: It was hard to breathe.

C-53: Yeah, see...

AJ: I know it was like, starting to get up my nose and stuff.

DAR: Yeah...

AJ: You know, when you guys were suggesting it, I was like, no. But then when you gave me a direct order... I'm a soldier.

C-53: I did notice a lot of wheezing from you. Remember this last mission?

AJ: Yeah, I almost, when we were lifting those boxes, I almost passed out. And then I was like, maybe I should have.

C-53: You could have just left it to me. I'm a loader droid.

AJ: Yeah, but I mean, you know, I'm probably stronger.

C-53: I don't think that's physically possible.

DAR: Debatable.

AJ: I was genetically made to be strong.

C-53: [dismissive] You're meat.

AJ: I mean, both of us could be better than Papa.

C-53: Well, I mean yeah, no question about that.

DAR: I mean, I could pick both of you up, no problem.

AJ: I mean, Dar's pretty strong too.

DAR: Should we all arm wrestle? Should we all arm wrestle right now?

AJ: We should all.

C-53: You talking a three way?

AJ: Yeah, let's do it.

DAR: Let's arm wrestle.

PLECK: [strained] Hey guys-

C-53: One second, one second.

PLECK: I'm almost done loading all these boxes. Did you guys want to help at all with any of these?

C-53: It seemed like you had it well in hand.

PLECK: I mean, AJ picked up a couple and then he said he was going to pass out, so.

DAR: Oh yeah, I think each of those is about, I don't know, 80, 90 pounds?

PLECK: I feel like it would go a little faster if we were all helping. I'm also clearly the weakest of the four of us.

DAR: You are absolutely the weakest. You should not arm wrestle us.

AJ AND C-53: [assorted agreeing noises].

BARGIE: Hey, my hull has just been open for a while. While you're loading these boxes, it's taking forever. I can't just have my hull open for too long. It gets rusty. So a lot of draft comes in. It's uncomfortable. So if you do not mind, hurry the juck up.

PLECK AND DAR: Okay. Yeah, sorry. Sure. Absolutely. Sorry. Sorry.

PLECK: You know, C-53, these are on pallets, so you can probably help a little bit.

C-53: All you have to do is ask.

TRUCK: Listen, I can only leave the truck here so long. Get these pamphlets off my truck.

PLECK: Okay, all right. I'm sorry, sir.

DAR: No, no, of course. Sorry. We're having Pleck unload these as quickly as possible. We're sorry.

TRUCK: What even are these?

C-53: You just said it, pamphlets.

TRUCK: Yeah, but what are these for? The unification of the blah blah blah.

PLECK: You stopped reading, there's one more word on the front of the... Galaxy.

TRUCK: I won't read it.

PLECK: The word's galaxy.

TRUCK: My hour ended, right as I was reading that word. You paid for an hour of the truck.

AJ: He's on OT, he's on OT guys.

PLECK: All right. C-53, could you just get this last pallet?

C-53: Okay.

[C-53's loader frame slides in and loads the last pallet]

TRUCK: There you go.

PLECK: [tired] That would have taken us so much less time.

DAR: That took seconds. Good job!

BARGIE: All right, great. Closing up my hatch. Owww-
[Bargie slowly closes her hatch, without the crew inside]

PLECK: Bargie...

BARGIE: Owww... ow, ugh. Whoof, ow, my hatch.

PLECK: Bargie, can you open it back up? We didn't get back on the ship.

BARGIE: I need a five second reset, okay?

PLECK: Does it... exert energy to have your hatch open, Bargie?

C-53: I think closing it.

PLECK: Oh no, Bargie.

BARGIE: It exerts energy to do anything. Doesn't it exert energy for you to go poop in your pants?

PLECK: Uh, obviously some, I- what kind of question is that?

DAR: When did you poop in your pants?

PLECK: Never, never, I've-I've never done that. Listen, the mission's done. Can we just get back on the ship, get back to space?

BARGIE: Hold on. One. Two.

[Bargie's engine roars]

PLECK: She's taking off.

BARGIE: Three....

PLECK: Bargie, Bargie!

DAR: Huh.

C-53: She just went through the atmosphere.

DAR: Wild. I mean, not unexpected, we can all agree.

PLECK: Uh.

[communicator beeps]

PLECK: Bargie?

BARGIE: Yep.

PLECK: Where did you go?

BARGIE: I have to do a flying reset as well.

PLECK: What is that? What is happening with your systems, Bargie?

AJ: A classic flying reset.

BARGIE: Nothing, it's just usually my hull isn't just open for an hour, you know?

C-53: That's true, we rarely ask that of Bargie.

PLECK: I guess. Is it a systems problem? Is it a, what, I don't understand what needs to--

C-53: [irritated] You a ship mechanic all of a sudden?! Just let Bargie figure out--

BARGIE: Wow, what are you, 719 Tony? Rest his soul.

PLECK: Okay, all right, I guess we'll just wait.

[a tiny voice emanates from AJ's helmet]

TIMMIS: Murderer!

PLECK: What?

DAR: Wait. What? Huh? AJ, why are you yelling murderer?

AJ: I didn't say anything.

C-53: AJ, we know when you're talking.

PLECK: Why are you yelling?

AJ: I'm not yelling, I'm just, I'm talking. I didn't say anything.

PLECK: Okay.

TIMMIS: Murderer!

PLECK: AJ, relax.

DAR: You did it again.

AJ: I didn't.

PLECK: Wait, AJ, are you being contacted by the Allwheat?

AJ: That wasn't me.

DAR: Wow, are you making fun of Pleck's outbursts?

C-53: AJ, that's... not very kind.

PLECK: AJ, what's going on, buddy?

AJ: [worried] I didn't say that! Something's talking instead of me.

PLECK: All right, take off your helmet.

DAR: Very cute, AJ, but--

AJ: Yeah, I'll take off my helmet. [AJ's helmet comes off with a whoosh] See, my helmet's off.

TIMMIS: You killed 'em all.

[all gasping]

PLECK: Whoa.

C-53: AJ, your helmet is talking on its own.

DAR: Talking without you.

AJ: [frantic] I'm not crazy, only Papa's the crazy one, right? We all agree on that.

PLECK: I'm not crazy...

DAR: We all agree on that.

PLECK: Listen, AJ, there must be some radio interference in your helmet, can you just maybe, I don't know, switch it off and switch it on again?

AJ: I don't wanna get near it.

DAR: You can get near it, I believe in you.

AJ: Okay.

TIMMIS: Don't touch it.

AJ: Aaaha!

TIMMIS: Don't touch the helmet, you've done enough damage.

AJ: [absolutely terrified] It's a g-g-g-g-ghost!

PLECK: Let's--

C-53: Wait, wait, wait. How would the helmet have become haunted in the last five minutes?

PLECK: Yeah, it doesn't make any sense.

AJ: This planet's kinda spooky.

PLECK: It's a warehouse planet.

DAR: And also, think of how many people AJ has killed. I mean, one of them, one of their spirits has definitely invaded his body and now his helmet.

PLECK: No... That's a safe bet.

TIMMIS: You killed seven billion people, is how many people you killed.

PLECK: Oh, AJ.

C-53: Wow, AJ.

AJ: Hey, wait, I didn't do that. Okay, well, like two years ago on Fornox 7, I was part of a strike team, but you know...

C-53: Seven *billion* people?

AJ: I mean.

TIMMIS: Yeah.

C-53: Okay, all right. Helmet, you seem to have a lot of information.

PLECK: All right, listen. Listen, specter, we mean you no harm.

C-53: He's not a *ghost*.

TIMMIS: I'm not a ghost.

C-53: [smug] See? The helmet agrees with me.

DAR: Oh, okay. Okay, okay.

TIMMIS: I'm a guy.

AJ: It's a g-g-g-g-guy?

[static fizzles as we move to Timmis' tiny viewpoint. From this perspective the crew's voices are deeper and enormous.]

AJ: G-g-g-guy?

PLECK: AJ, what's your point?

C-53: Why are you afraid of that?

TIMMIS: I'm just using context clues here. I think I'm like a smaller guy than you. My name's Timmis.

DAR: Oh, are you under the helmet?

TIMMIS: I'm not under the helmet.

C-53: I'll just lift up the helmet...

[the entire helmet quakes]

TIMMIS: [shouting] Stop moving the helmet around! Every time you move the helmet around, it's a catastrophe for me.

C-53: Sorry, sorry.

PLECK: Timmis, we apologize. We're not trying to hurt you. W-what is going on?

TIMMIS: Oh, you apologized. Oh, no, water under the bridge. My entire, my planet was destroyed.

PLECK: Your planet?

TIMMIS: Yeah.

DAR: Whoa. How? Did AJ shoot all of them?

TIMMIS: I don't know what he did. There was floods. There was like a soap scourge that came from the skies.

PLECK: Oh no.

C-53: Oooh no.

PLECK: Guys, I think Timmis lives in AJ's helmet.

[a small sentient coughs right next to Timmis]

JIMPY: Uncle, uncle.

TIMMIS: Oh yeah, there you are. My sweet nephew.

JIMPY: [weakly] Did you murder all the people who were responsible yet?

[static emanates as we return to the crew's viewpoint]

TIMMIS: Soon, soon, I will. Don't worry.

C-53: Your nephew doesn't sound very good, Timmis.

TIMMIS: No, my nephew's not good. My nephew's the only other survivor.

C-53: I'm sorry, Timmis. I realize this is a sensitive situation.

TIMMIS: It is.

C-53: When you look around, where are you?

TIMMIS: It's ruined. It's clean chaos. All of the buildings have been wiped away.

C-53: Oh boy.

TIMMIS: The vegetation, the wildlife.

DAR: Wow, AJ, the inside of your helmet.

AJ: [agreement] Was a ghost place.

PLECK: No, AJ. You're getting further away.

DAR: It was a civilization.

AJ: Of ghosts. Okay, got it.

PLECK: C-53, does your frame have any sort of like magnification on your ocular sensors?

C-53: Uh, it does have this. Just for reading packing labels and stuff. This might be useful.

[C-53 flicks out an attachment for his frame]

PLECK: You think that's gonna be strong enough?

C-53: It's a 1000x magnification, so.

PLECK: Whoa! Really?

C-53: Sometimes packages are very small.

PLECK: Oh, that's true. Listen, Timmis, we're--

TIMMIS: Yeah, I'm listening.

PLECK: We wanna help you. What can we do?

TIMMIS: What can you do? I'm not at the negotiating stage. I'm at the, I'm gonna kill you guys stage.

DAR: Oh, okay.

TIMMIS: I'm gonna get revenge! You heard my nephew!

AJ: All right.

[blaster charging sounds]

PLECK: [laughing]: No, AJ, AJ, put the gun down.

AJ: I love this helmet, but I'll take it out.

PLECK: AJ, do not kill Timmis.

C-53: Timmis, I apologize for this, but I am gonna lift up the helmet. I'm gonna try to find you within this helmet here.

TIMMIS: Yeah, take a look. I'll take off my little top hat and wave at you.

C-53: Okay, that might help. Truly, I don't know.

AJ: You see the hat?

C-53: AJ, it's been two seconds.

AJ: I don't know, just he's waving the hat.

TIMMIS: Pretty big hat.

AJ: Yeah.

C-53: Yeah, I'm at 1000x magnification. It takes a little while.

PLECK: It takes a little while.

TIMMIS: It's a stovepipe.

C-53: Oh, stovepipe.

TIMMIS: As big as a hat can be, reasonably.

C-53: Uhh...

TIMMIS: You got your novelty hats, obviously, but I don't wear those.

C-53: You know what? Take a look.

PLECK: Wow, Timmis.

DAR: Oh, wow.

AJ: What a tiny ghost.

TIMMIS: I'm not a ghost!

DAR: That hat is too big.

TIMMIS: Okay, well, I'm not looking for fashion notes.

DAR: I'm just saying I feel like something else might be better suited...

PLECK: Dar, don't pile on. His entire civilization just got destroyed.

TIMMIS: Oh, if we're giving notes, I would say don't kill seven billion of my friends and family, even my enemies. I was happy to see them go.

PLECK: Huh.

TIMMIS: Just trying to be optimistic.

PLECK: Yeah, I don't know if that's a silver lining that's really worth kinda--

AJ: So I still don't know what's happening.

C-53: Okay. AJ, I think what happened is your sealed helmet created a particularly rich biosphere for life to bloom. So this is Timmis, you see here.

AJ: A little ghost, got it.

C-53: And you see the ruined world around him. That, I believe, was home to seven billion other sentients like Timmis.

AJ: Is it, like, a germ or something?

C-53: I don't think germ is the right classification, but yeah, you do appear to be a single cell.

TIMMIS: Yeah, we call ourselves germs. You guys have too many cells.

PLECK: Well, yeah.

C-53: One way to look at it.

DAR: Okay.

C-53: Timmis, I'm so sorry about what happened. What was your world like?

TIMMIS: Oh, it was incredible. We had a civilization, we had a form of government, we had buildings a millimeter high. We had--

PLECK: Wow, that's pretty high, yeah.

TIMMIS: The Teardrop Sea, we had the Pizza Stain Mountains. We had a really ambitious public housing project that worked correctly.

PLECK: Oh, good.

TIMMIS: Yeah, it was a utopia. We were getting pancakes, we were getting bananas, we had all sorts of food up here, we would just live off of it.

PLECK: Let me guess, sub sandwiches?

TIMMIS: Sub sandwiches, if that's what you call 'em. We called 'em gifts from Little Rodd.

PLECK: Oh, you have Little Rodd there.

TIMMIS: Yeah, no, we know about your Rodd. Our Rodd would be smaller.

PLECK: Checks out.

DAR: Interesting.

C-53: Timmis, this is wholly unexpected, but from an anthropological point of view, fascinating. What role did AJ play in your society?

TIMMIS: So AJ was this sort of like, neutral religious figure to us who just sort of existed and we tolerated him.

AJ: [shouting] All right, neutral religious figure!

[AJ crushes can on head]

TIMMIS: You would have had to search far and wide to find one of us who, like, respected or revered him.

C-53: Oh, okay.

PLECK: So it was more like, it was just his face in the sky that was usually yelling or staring off into the distance.

TIMMIS: Yeah.

[Jimpy coughs, we return to Timmis' viewpoint.]

JIMPY: Uncle.

TIMMIS: Oh, oh, Jimpy.

JIMPY: Oh, I'm not feeling too well.

C-53: Oh no...

JIMPY: Oh, I think this might be my final moments.

TIMMIS: Oh, geez, oh no.

C-53: That germ looks... they don't look well.

TIMMIS: Do you have a request for me? Is there anything you need me to do before you....?

JIMPY: Well, I would wish that you'd take care of my toys, but they're all gone.

TIMMIS: Yeah, so.

JIMPY: Or take care of my little kitty cat, but that was slaughtered, all of them were.

TIMMIS: Yeah.

JIMPY: So I guess what I really want, [coughing] is for you to just maniacally, terribly, horrifically maim anyone responsible for this terrible situation in a way that no one will understand what they were 'cause their bodies would be so decimated.

PLECK: Wow, that's vindictive.

TIMMIS: Well, if you say so.

JIMPY: Also...

TIMMIS: Oh.

JIMPY: [cheerful] Sing a song!

TIMMIS: Jimpy, you're really holding on there. You want me to sing a song?

JIMPY Yeah!

TIMMIS: Is this for as you go?

JIMPY: Yeah.

TIMMIS: Okay. Oh boy, I'll do one of our traditional folk songs. [singing]

♪ We love it when a pancake comes sliding in the helmet ♪

♪ We love to eat the pancake ♪

♪ We live for... several weeks! ♪

[Jimpy's body slowly dissolves into mush, we return to the crew's viewpoint]

TIMMIS: Okay.

C-53: You guys are right next to the microphone.

TIMMIS: Yeah, did you guys, you got that?

C-53: Yeah.

DAR: Oh yeah, we definitely got too much.

PLECK: [sorrowful] Timmis, I'm so sorry.

TIMMIS: Oh, well, you know.

AJ: My captain asked me to clean my helmet, so it's not my fault.

C-53: Oh, just *following orders*, huh?

AJ: Yeah, I was just following orders.

TIMMIS: Oh, where have I heard that before?

DAR: Oh yeah, so this isn't AJ's fault. This is, uh, my fault! I'm responsible for murdering billions.

PLECK: No, no. Captain, it's not your fault. We didn't know, it was an accident.

TIMMIS: Well, you guys are really eager to let yourselves off the hook for this.

PLECK: You know, if it makes you feel any better, if there's entire worlds this small, we probably destroy them all the time on accident, flying through space, going to different planets.

TIMMIS: [angrily] Oh, wow, yeah. you're real saints.

C-53: Yeah, does it feel like this is helping, Pleck?

PLECK: No, I guess not.

TIMMIS: Yeah, I was gonna say, you guys seem pretty nice, but actually, you're really callous.

AJ: Yeah, I mean, I was a neutral religious figure, so it's kind of like AJ giveth, AJ taketh away, you know?

PLECK: I don't think that's your relationship with them.

C-53: You're not just like a nature deity...

TIMMIS: AJ don't giveth, we don't talk about you givingeth. AJ, were you the one putting the food up there?

AJ: That was me.

TIMMIS: Okay, well, AJ giveth, I guess, but we didn't know, so it's a little late.

AJ: And if you were walking in the helmet, and there was only one set of... flagellumprints.

TIMMIS: Oh, which there weren't, there were billions of us.

AJ: Oh, okay, nevermind, that doesn't work, but no, I was always stuffing up in there, and then everybody would get mad at me. They didn't even want me to feed you. They were like, don't do that.

PLECK: Well, to be fair, AJ, you didn't know you were feeding a civilization.

AJ: Well, I didn't *didn't* know, so I'm just telling you, Timmis, that I've been on your side the entire time, feeding you guys, didn't want to clean it, but the crew made me do it.

TIMMIS: I guess, conceptually, I appreciate that, but it's pretty cold comfort, as you could imagine.

PLECK: Yeah, no, absolutely.

TIMMIS: I don't know, so, talking about this mic, did you guys hear the dying wish of my small nephew?

C-53: We did, it came through.

TIMMIS: Small, even by my standards.

AJ: Oh, Jimpy was kinda little.

DAR: Sure, yeah.

TIMMIS: You think I'm cute?

C-53: No, we can see on the display.

TIMMIS: Oh, okay, oh, you can see me right now?

C-53: Y-yeah.

TIMMIS: Hey, watch this.

C-53: Oh, yeah. I think you're trying to... flip us off, I guess?

TIMMIS: Yeah, yeah, yeah.

DAR: It's kind of hard to tell, though, you don't have fingers.

PLECK: Yeah, exactly.

C-53: You get the drift.

PLECK: Yeah, I think it's--

DAR: I mean, yeah, it's body language, it's fine.

PLECK: Yeah, the attitude.

AJ: We did watch Jimpy kind of, like, fart and explode.

TIMMIS: That's how we die..

C-53: The cell walls just broke down and--

DAR: Juice.

C-53: Spilled out.

PLECK: Listen, Timmis, I know you may not believe me, but we're good guys, we wanna help you. Maybe we can get back on Bargie, we can figure out a way to transfer you, and you could build a new colony.

C-53: Put you in a sugar solution or something?

TIMMIS: That sounds nice, but I gotta get revenge. You heard Jimpy.

AJ: Yeah, you guys heard Jimpy.

TIMMIS: I gotta kill some people.

PLECK: I mean, isn't living well the best revenge?

TIMMIS: That'd be a pretty good revenge. I'd be happy to get that, but he was actually pretty--

C-53: Yeah, he was quite explicit.

TIMMIS: He was psychotically specific with his instructions that I needed to break you guys down so bad that you wouldn't recognize yourselves. Now look, that's a tall order for a little guy like me, but I'll figure it out.

DAR: Maybe you could break us down emotionally, and then we won't even recognize the new persons that we've become.

PLECK: Yeah, because we're so much, we're better people, you know?

TIMMIS: I could start, yeah, bullying you guys, but then maybe when you set me down to relocate, maybe could you put me on the handle of a gun that's aimed at you?

PLECK: I don't think so, that might be a little too--

C-53: I think...

AJ: Yeah, I'm down for it, I will lock and load you, man.

TIMMIS: All right.

C-53: I think even the smallest gun we'd be capable of providing you with would be too large for you to fire.

TIMMIS: Well, I mean, you know, give me about like a month, and then we'd sort of like develop a society who would be heavier than the past society, and we would sort of weigh down the handle of the gun, like the trigger.

PLECK: Yeah, that's actually a good question, Timmis how long is like a life cycle for your species? Like--

TIMMIS: Oh, we play it fast and loose. It's, you know, I'm about a month old myself.

PLECK: Oh, okay.

C-53: And is that considered--

TIMMIS: Record-breakingly old.

C-53: Yeah.

DAR: Wow.

PLECK: And you survived your planet's apocalypse.

TIMMIS: [chipper] It's as if I'm cursed!

PLECK: Congratul-- oh, nevermind then, yeah.

TIMMIS: Well, I mean, I see there's two different schools of thoughts on that, yeah. I guess I might as well be optimistic.

PLECK: Yeah, well--

TIMMIS: So let's bully you guys.

C-53: Oh, okay.

PLECK: Oh, I don't know, I don't know.

DAR: You can start with me, I'm pretty tough.

TIMMIS: Okay, we got a tough guy. What are you compensating for, tough guy?

PLECK: That's a good question, Dar.

C-53: Cut you to it quick.

DAR: Really, I have to think about it, I guess?

PLECK: Oh, I can help.

DAR: What am I compensating for--

PLECK: [matter-of-factly] They're a little anxious about the fact that they've been put into a leadership position aboard the ship, and so there's been a lot of--

TIMMIS: Heavy is the head.

PLECK: Sure, exactly. Also, they had a baby about seven months ago, and--

TIMMIS: Oh, congratulations.

PLECK: Yeah, yeah, so there's a lot of anxiety about that.

TIMMIS: That's so interesting.

PLECK: And like, am I working too much, am I being a parent too much? And, I mean, don't get me started on them and Nermut breaking up, that's been a real rollercoaster for everybody.

TIMMIS: Oh, boy, yeah.

PLECK: So really, I mean, if you really wanted to take Dar down, I'm not saying you should, I think you should start thinking about--

[Dar grabs Pleck]

DAR: Crush!

PLECK: [choking] Dar, don't do this! You're giving him exactly what he wants!

[transition music]

BARGIE: Now resetting, Bargarean Jade.

EeeehhhroorrooaaaaaaaarrrraaaaEEEEpppprrr. Okay, wow, all right, wow. I feel the same.

[communicator beeps]

BARGIE: Oh, Robot Man isn't here. Um, uh, incoming message from the, Toodle, okay, hi, hi, hi.

NERMUT: Hey, everybody!

BARGIE: They're not here.

NERMUT: Uh, what?

BARGIE: They're out, they're on the ground of some planet, I don't know.

NERMUT: Uh, the mission was due to be over already. I got the delivery notification for the pallets of pamphlets.

BARGIE: Yeah, well, sorry, I had to do a whole reset. You know, something I haven't done in a very long time. So in a way it's actually good. Because it was a couple of cobwebs, a couple of strains inside of my heart, that was just causing me a lot of problems. So, let's have a party. You, me, and Hohat. We're celebrating, 'cause I also have some good news.

NERMUT: Really, what happened?

BARGIE: I am not doing development anymore. It's a failure.

NERMUT: Oh, great! That's, so you were, just to be clear, I'm not necessarily a show-biz guy, so you were getting projects pitched to you, You were trying to get those funded, get actors attached, get directors attached, and that was a total failure.

BARGIE: See, you know way more than I do, because I just thought if you just yell out "I'm in development", things start developing.

NERMUT: Oh.

BARGIE: And they did not. Anyway, we are celebrating. Me, you, Hohat.

NERMUT: Alright, nice. I'm going to do... Let's dance.

[Nermut plays a preset track and begins scatting]

BARGIE: I'm dancing. I'm dancing. I'm dancing.

[transition, Pleck choking]

DAR: Oh, that's really rich, Pleck. You think I'm easy to bully? Look at you.

PLECK: Dar, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to say all those things. I just got carried away.

DAR: Uh, yeah, you did. You had them at the ready.

PLECK: Come on, I'm way easier to make fun of than you are. I'm a total mess. Let's see, I wear a bathrobe and carry a stick because a cater waiter told me to. I thought I saved the galaxy and actually I think I made it worse. That's a-- that's a slam dunk. -

DAR: Oh yeah, that is a-- that's a spicy ballwheat. Okay.

PLECK: Uh, I can't lift boxes the way anybody else can.

C-53: Now that is embarrassing.

DAR: Okay. Yeah, yeah. You're not strong. You're weak.

PLECK: Yeah.

DAR: You're weak!

PLECK: Okay.

AJ: If anybody wants to bully me, it'd be so easy. It's like, "AJ, you're like, too smart." "AJ, you're like, super strong." "AJ, you're like, so much fun."

PLECK: No, you're not just yelling characteristics at people. It has to be--

AJ: That just seems like what we're doing right now.

PLECK: Okay.

TIMMIS: Wow, you guys are unbelievably low status. Just impossibly-- I always-- I always thought revenge would be satisfying. It's like, everyone always talks about how you get revenge and it feels really good and fulfilling.

PLECK: No, Timmis-- I need to be the one to tell you this, but we're already right at the bottom of the--

C-53: Yeah. I'm sorry to say, Timmis, it's just their weak organic minds are very prone to these, you know, sanity traps.

DAR: [angry] OooOookay.

PLECK: Mr. I-Don't-Wanna-Talk-About-The-Sea-Captain!

[C-53 slams Pleck through a crate]

PLECK: OW! OW! OW!

C-53: [screaming] I TOLD YOU NOT TO BRING UP THE SEA CAPTAIN!

PLECK: Alright, what could that story possibly be, C-53? You had fun on the water and now you miss it?

C-53: Oh, *that's what you think that STORY'S ABOUT??*

[C-53 chases Pleck and smashes him into the ground]

PLECK: Ow! Oh! My leg!

AJ: I'm too cool, I get it.

PLECK: AJ, SHUT up!

TIMMIS: Wow, I did it. I did it.

C-53: Alright, alright, get it together, everybody.

PLECK: Listen, listen. This is exactly what Timmis wants. We have to stick together and be a team. Surely there's a way for us as *diplomats* to help everyone, right? Timmis, you don't want to make us feel worse, right?

TIMMIS: Well, I do, but it's a lateral move, really.

PLECK: Exactly, exactly. What if we figured out a way to help you?

TIMMIS: What do you mean? What could you do for a little fella like me?

PLECK: I mean...

DAR: Um, I mean we could brainstorm something, I'm sure.

AJ: We could make you, like, a really small gun.

TIMMIS: Oh, now we're talking.

C-53: [sarcastically] Another one of AJ's too smart ideas.

DAR: Yes.

AJ: Hey, stop bullying me.

PLECK: Oh, that actually was.

C-53: It was.

AJ: I know.

PLECK: Now you're getting it.

AJ: No, I know.

TIMMIS: Well, I got an idea. Why don't you guys all get real close to the helmet?

AJ: Okay.

DAR: Like how close to the helmet?

C-53: AJ...

AJ: I got it.

TIMMIS: I'm a little guy. A teardrop is an ocean to me.

AJ: Oh, look at you. I'm looking at you right now.

TIMMIS: Get as close as possible.

AJ: Okay. Well, I can put the helmet on.

TIMMIS: Yeah, put the helmet on.

[AJ latches his helmet on]

DAR: Oh, no, AJ

AJ: Get in the helmet. We're both in the helmet.

TIMMIS: Yeah, now we're both in here. I'm not in here with you. You're in here with me.

AJ: Oh, what?

TIMMIS: Or the other way.

AJ: No.

TIMMIS: Which is the more intimidating way to say that?

AJ: I mean, we're both in here, so I'm confused. What do you want?

C-53: AJ, take the helmet back off.

[AJ struggles with the helmet]

AJ: I can't!

TIMMIS: Ha-ha, that's right.

AJ: What?

PLECK: [upset] Timmis, what did you do?

TIMMIS: That's right. I've been rewiring the helmet. It's gonna self-destruct.

AJ: What?

TIMMIS: Yeah, I'm going to take out each and every one of you with me.

PLECK: Wait, AJ.

DAR: Wait, what?

PLECK: AJ, are there explosives in your helmet?

AJ: Well, yeah, every CLINT helmet has explosives.

PLECK: What?

C-53: Why.

DAR: [baffled] Oh, AJ. AJ, why would you put that helmet on if you knew there were explosives inside?

AJ: Timmis told me to.

PLECK: Timmis, how is that possible?

TIMMIS: It! Was! Difficult. It was a painstaking process. I did it all in the last five minutes which for me was two years. Oh, boy, it was a long time. I had to get in there. I had to use my weird little body to reroute wires. I was mostly guessing, but I think I got it.

DAR: Man, and you just distracted us while we tore each other apart. Ohhh. We made it so easy.

[AJ whips a stone at Pleck]

PLECK: OW! AJ!

TIMMIS: Yeah, take that!

AJ: I didn't do anything.

TIMMIS: I did.

C-53: He's assumed control of the suit's servos!

AJ: I'm possessed by a ghost!

DAR: No, AJ, you know it's a germ.

PLECK: AJ, listen to me-

C-53: You LITERALLY saw the germ.

AJ: Oh, no, I'm also the strongest, like we've talked about.

C-53: Oh, yeah? I don't know about that, buddy.

DAR: Uhh, I don't know...

TIMMIS: Yeah. Let's see who wants to arm wrestle me!

DAR: [tempted] Oh, it's really hard to turn down an arm wrestle.

PLECK: Dar, don't fall for it.

DAR: I have to do it. You know me. When someone offers to arm wrestle, I gotta go.

PLECK: I actually did not know that.

[the Truck comes onto the scene bearing gifts]

TRUCK: Hey, dropping off a table and two stools.

C-53: We didn't order these.

TRUCK: Ah, just clearing out the garage.

C-53: OK

DAR: I wouldn't mind if you could set those right here.

TRUCK: Oh, sure. Here you go!

[the Truck sets up the table]

AJ: Papa, can you do that for us?

PLECK: Ugh, sure, why not?

TRUCK: I don't have all day!

PLECK: Listen, Timmis.

TIMMIS: Yeah?

PLECK: If you can beat Dar in an arm wrestling competition-

AJ: Well, if I can-

PLECK: -if AJ and you can beat Dar in an arm wrestling competition, will you let us live?

TIMMIS: I'll consider it.

PLECK: [surprised] Really?

TIMMIS: Yeah.

PLECK: Oh, wow, that was easy.

DAR: Magnanimous of them.

TIMMIS: I gotta win the arm wrestling contest. And if I lose, we're all gonna get blown up.

[an old woman runs up to the group]

ARM WRESTLING JUDGE: Did somebody say arm wrestling judge?

AJ: Uh, no.

C-53: No?

TIMMIS: No.

ARM WRESTLING JUDGE: Are you sure? 'Cause I think I heard it.

[Truck honks]

TRUCK: Ma, get back in the truck!

ARM WRESTLING JUDGE: Okay.

C-53: We could actually, we could use your services, maybe.

TRUCK: Alright. Ma, I'll be back at four.

ARM WRESTLING JUDGE: Okay.

TIMMIS: I'm sorry, how does... For big people, how does arm wrestling work that you would require a judge for that there isn't just an obvious winner and loser? I might have different rules.

PLECK: I mean, it's pretty-- yeah.

TIMMIS: I mean, we don't have arms.

DAR: Well, clearly we're trying to find work for the elderly on this planet.

PLECK: Sure.

DAR: It's actually-- it's a pretty great system, if you ask me.

C-53: Very strong social network here.

ARM WRESTLING JUDGE: If I don't do this, I'll just sit in this chair and think about all my memories.

PLECK: Oh.

DAR: Yeah, way too sad. You should judge this instead.

ARM WRESTLING JUDGE: [depressed] And they're not good memories either. They're pretty shitty.

AJ: Hey, guys, I think we're gonna be okay, because I will definitely win this arm wrestling match against Dar.

PLECK: Great. And, Dar, I think if you kind of sell it a little bit before you lose, then it might make Timmis think you--

DAR: Oh, wait, so I-- I mean, I have to lose?

C-53: Yeah, you gotta take a dive, Dar.

DAR: I don't think I could do that. I just-- -

ARM WRESTLING JUDGE: Okay, space bitches, in your chairs.

[laughter, transition to Bargie].

NERMUT: [singing along to canned keyboard music] ♪ Nermut party, Bargie party ♪

♪ Nermut party, Barchie party ♪

♪ Uh, uh, uh, uh, uh ♪

BARGIE: Hold on, sorry, I have to take this call.

NERMUT: Okay.

BARGIE: I'm sorry. I know this is, like, a time for us to, like, catch up and really--

NERMUT: Okay, that's fine. I'm gonna keep dancing.

♪ Zaggy boys, this is way Zaggy ♪

BARGIE: Actually, can you turn-- I'm gonna put you on mute. I'm so sorry.

NERMUT: ♪ Zaggy boys, now this-- ♪

BARGIE: This is a phone call.

[Communicator beeps]

BARGIE: Hello?

QP PRODUCER: Hi, Barge.

BARGIE: Yeah, who's this?

QP PRODUCER: Quantum Productions. You contacted us about potentially working on a project with us.

BARGIE: Yeah, yeah, I know. So what, you're gonna reject me? Is that what you're calling to? You don't need to do that.

QP PRODUCER: I don't--

BARGIE: Okay, it's okay. I'm just gonna hang up. Okay? You know how this works? I know what you're just calling to just tell me, "Oh, we loved you, but you're not really what we're looking for at the moment."

QP PRODUCER: Uh...

BARGIE: [angrily] You know, why did you even try? You know, it's people like you who make me sick. Okay, you bring people into rooms, you give them hope, and then you shit in their faces.

QP PRODUCER: Uh...

BARGIE: That's what's happening right now.

QP PRODUCER: Barge-

BARGIE: I'm-- - I'm gonna block this number. I don't want you to ever call me again. Okay? That's all of youse.

QP PRODUCER: Barge, I'm giving you the green light on this project-

BARGIE: I'm blocking all of your numbers, okay? In fact, I'm gonna take everything you ever send me, create fake sentences, and blackmail you. That's what I'm doing.

QP PRODUCER: [hurt] W-why would you do that?

BARGIE: All right, goodbye. This is forever.

QP PRODUCER: Barge, all you gotta do is give us your signature and it's a go-
[Communicator beeps]

BARGIE: Goodbye, you son of a- Oh, jeez. That's it. Blocked. Unblewed. Did you hear that?

NERMUT: Yeah, this-- you really brought the party down.

BARGIE: So that's- you see Nermut? That's what I have to deal with all the time.

NERMUT: Barge, they clearly green-lit your movie.

BARGIE: Wait. Oh, no. Oh no.

NERMUT: Wow. This is really what they call making your own luck.

BARGIE: [despair] OooOOOOh, no! WhyYYYYyyy? WHYYYYYYY?

[transition back to crew, AJ and Dar are neck and neck]

AJ AND DAR: HrrrrnghhhHHhhhhhhh...

C-53: Lotta smoke coming out of the suit here.

ARM WRESTLING JUDGE Ten points for the left, eight points for the right.

PLECK: What? It's a-- it's not a binary system?

DAR: No, that's why- I can never let up.

AJ: I might get a TKO on this.

PLECK: Dar, you have to-- you have to lose. You have to just let AJ win!

DAR: [upset] Why can't you believe in me? I heard all those horrible things you said about me earlier.

PLECK: No, Dar--

C-53: Dar...

DAR: I heard them with my ears 'cause you said them with your mouth!

PLECK: [reassuring] Dar, Dar, listen. Those things are what make you strong. You have deep inner turmoil that you're constantly struggling with. It's about conquering your fears and your anxieties. That's what make you a better person.

[Dar pushes harder]

DAR: [straining] I will CONQUER my fears and anxieties.

PLECK: No, not through arm wrestling, Dar.

DAR: It's the only way, Pleck.

PLECK: No, it really is not.

TIMMIS: Who's winning? I have no frame of reference. Am I ahead or behind?

C-53: Honestly, I'm not a hundred percent sure.

ARM WRESTLING JUDGE: Well, the left side just did a double-double, and the right side did a triple-chuck-chuck. So, it's a tie.

PLECK: I've never heard of any of these moves.

AJ: [strained] You've got incredible technique, Dar. I'll give you that. That triple-chuck-chuck.

DAR: Oh, yeah, I chuck-chuck like the chuckiest.

C-53: This must be a regional variant I'm not familiar with.

TIMMIS: I'm between the two wires, which are the size of counties to me, and I will, uh, I can just connect them to make an explosion.

PLECK: No, do not do that.

C-53: Timmis, please.

TIMMIS: I just need the okay for that. Just let me know when I've lost.

PLECK: Dar, listen, you have to lose this fight.

ARM WRESTLING JUDGE: And now we've entered the double points round.

C-53: Points?!

PLECK: Dar.

[the Truck approaches and drops off a massive item]

TRUCK: Hang on, dropping off this scoreboard.

PLECK: You need to save us. Save us all and lose this fight.

ARM WRESTLING JUDGE: Took you a while!

TRUCK: Sorry, Ma. Back at four!

C-53: This all in the garage?

TRUCK: Yes.

DAR: Pleck, are you trying to tell me that by losing, I can win? That just doesn't make any sense.

PLECK: It does, Dar, listen. We're losers, okay? We're losers, and that's what makes us great. We're underdogs.

CHEERLEADING COACH: Hey, everybody, is it cool if these two cheerleading teams practice right here?

PLECK: I don't know why they would do that.

CHEERLEADERS: [cheering] Let's go! Do it now! You can do it anytime! Do it now! Do it now!

C-53: [confused] They said anytime instead of anyhow?

DAR: This is just what I needed, a second wind.

PLECK: Dar, stop, you have to throw this!

CHEERLEADERS: Go lefty. It's lefty. Go lefty. Double chuck chuck.

PLECK: Dar! Dar, listen to me. You have to have the strength to lose.

DAR: [realizing] Oh, that actually makes sense...

[AJ thuds Dar's hand into the table]

AJ: Yeah, I won!

DAR: Ohh...

ARM WRESTLING JUDGE: We have a winner.

PLECK: Thank you. Dar, thank you for throwing that fight.

DAR: [upset] I didn't throw the fight, you distracted me! You said something so un-Pleck and so profound, like, scrambled me completely, and I lost.

PLECK: Uh...

AJ: We did it, Timmis! We did it, bro!

TIMMIS: We won?

AJ: Yeah.

TIMMIS: Oh, great. I've just been waiting for the answer.

AJ: I think my arm is very damaged.

TIMMIS: [victorious] You guys are pathetic. I am a germ. I bullied you, and I beat you in an arm wrestling contest. This rules for me. Again, I am closer to not existing than to existing. That's pretty pathetic.

C-53: You seem like a pretty evolved germ.

TIMMIS: Well, I'm tipping my hat to you, not that you can see.

PLECK: How did you make the hat, though?

TIMMIS: That is a great question.

PLECK: What did the hat made of?

TIMMIS: A smaller germ.

PLECK: Yeah. Look. Glass houses, Timmis. How many tinier germs had to die for that hat to--

TIMMIS: Oh, well, they weren't a big- They were smaller than me, so they weren't a big deal. Their lives meant nothing to me.

PLECK: Uh...

TROPHY SALESMAN: Trophies for sale? Trophies for sale?

C-53: Uh, no thanks.

ARM WRESTLING JUDGE: I'm just gonna wait here 'til my son comes at four, so...

[transition back to ship]

BARGIE: So, wait. You're telling me that this entire time, I've actually been getting a lot of development deals?

NERMUT: It sure seems that way, Barge. How many calls like this have you done?

BARGIE: Like, once every other day.

NERMUT: Barge, that sounds like you would have dozens of projects in the pipeline.

BARGIE: And sometimes they just send me just cold, hard krown, and I send it back 'cause I'm, like, that's demeaning.

NERMUT: [baffled] WHAT?!

BARGIE: I just thought they were, like, making fun of me or something.

NERMUT: I mean, this is-- I know I'm not your manager, but this is some just kind of free advice. It's like, if someone calls again from Holowood, just, like, listen to the words they say.

BARGIE: Wow. Huh.

[Communicator beeps]

BARGIE: Oh. Oh. Alright, bye, Nervik. Hello. Hi. Listen, I'm so sorry that I've given up so many opportunities, but whatever you're about to say, I'm gonna say yes. Definitely. I will do it. I'm ready. This is my time.

PLECK: That's great news, Barge. Could you come pick us up, please?

BARGIE: Uh, okay. Gonna disconnect you.

PLECK: N-[disconnects]

[transition back to crew]

PLECK: Timmis.

TIMMIS: Yeah?

PLECK: You know, I-- I wanna just say again, I'm sorry we wiped out your whole civilization, but--

TIMMIS: It's okay. I've had years of my own time to process it.

PLECK: Oh.

TIMMIS: What are you gonna do?

PLECK: I mean--

AJ: Yeah, what are you gonna do?

TIMMIS: Can you guys set me down somewhere, or put me-- Do you guys have, like, a refrigerator? Do you guys have refrigerators?

C-53: We do!

PLECK: Yeah, we do have a refrigerator.

TIMMIS: Okay, we don't have those, so that was a shot in the dark.

PLECK: Uh, yeah.

TIMMIS: But if you have one of those, you could, like, put me in there?

PLECK: Uh, yeah, sure, you know.

C-53: What sort of is the ideal environment for your species?

TIMMIS: Uh, I guess, like, this helmet. A place with, like, food that keeps getting put in there and never cleaned. Do you have, like, a place like that?

DAR: Yeah, that would be our refrigerator.

PLECK: Yeah, that sounds about right, honestly.

DAR: Yeah.

TIMMIS: Of course, I'll just be completely alone.

C-53: Uh, sorry.

DAR: Yeah, sorry about that.

AJ: Oh, hey, uh, I'm actually getting-- My glove-- My glove comm is-- Are you doing this, Timmis? Are you--

TIMMIS: No, no, I'm not doing anything.

AJ: Alright, let me click my glove comm.

[AJ's glove begins emitting sound]

SURVIVORS: [shouting] Timmis! Timmis! Over here!

AJ: Oh, my glove is haunted!

SURVIVORS: Oh, can you see us Timmis?

TIMMIS: Whoa, who's saying that?

SURVIVORS: Timmis, we hacked the communicator on his wrist!

TIMMIS: Oh, my Little Rodd! There's other survivors? I'm not the only one? Praise Little Rodd!

SURVIVORS: Praise Little Rodd! Praise Little Rodd!

TIMMIS: Yeah, we're all very devout.

SURVIVORS: Under Little Rodd's eye!

C-53: Wait, how did you get under the wrist from that helmet?

AJ: Okay, well, sometimes when I have a runny nose, uh, and there's no tissue around, I'll take my helmet off and I'll, like, wipe off my glove.

PLECK: [grossed out] Okay, you don't need to keep it going, that... that makes sense.

C-53: Oh, AJ.

SURVIVORS: This society is plentiful with salty chips!

TIMMIS: Wait, so you could just, like, put me on your wrist and I could go be with my own kind?

AJ: Yeah, sure.

PLECK: Timmis, this is amazing!

AJ: Yeah, Timmis, is that okay with you?

TIMMIS: Oh, yeah, it's great with me! I can finally, uh, stand trial for my crimes! I was a criminal--

SURVIVORS: The judge is still here!

PLECK: What?

TIMMIS: Oh, yeah, I was a criminal! I'm a bad guy!

PLECK: Yeah, yeah.

TIMMIS: And, you know, fair is fair. I should stand trial.

PLECK: Okay, yes.

AJ: Okay, Timmis, I'm about to transfer you from helmet to glove, so hold on.

TIMMIS: Okay. I don't know what's happening. I have no frame of reference.

AJ: I'm gonna use my pressurized air cannon.

TIMMIS: Okay...

AJ: I usually use it to blow out birthday candles, but I'm going to blow you onto my glove.

TIMMIS: Don't love what I'm hearing, but I--

AJ: It's gonna-- yeah, you're gonna be moving really fast.

TIMMIS: This is very scary. Is there, like, a seatbelt or anything I can--

AJ: No, no.

TIMMIS: Okay, well--

AJ: You're just gonna be shooting through the air.

SURVIVORS: Fly safe, lil Timmis!

AJ: I'll try to get you as close as possible, but you're probably gonna be going--

TIMMIS: Seems like a real crapshoot.

AJ: Yeah, sort of. I mean, probably equivalent for you is thousands of miles an hour?

TIMMIS: Yeah, I don't know. Let's see how it goes, though.

AJ: All right, ready? One, two--

[air blast]

TIMMIS: [screaming] AAAAAAaaaaaa aaaaaaAAAAAAAAAAAA! Oh, I landed right next to the other microphone!

C-53: What are the odds?

TIMMIS: But my hat broke!

CREW: [laughter]

[transition music]

PLECK: Wow. That was a real rollercoaster down there, guys.

AJ: So am I just not washing this glove ever, or what are we doing?

DAR: We're sticking it in the fridge.

C-53: Yeah, just take your glove and put it in the fridge and use one of your spares.

AJ: Oh, yeah, I do have a lot of spare gloves. All right, well, here you go. I'm just gonna stuff some of these leftovers in the glove.

PLECK: So long, Timmis.

TIMMIS: Hey, see you guys. I'm in prison now, but I appreciate everything you did for me.

PLECK: Hey, Little Rodd speed, buddy.

TIMMIS: Hey, Big Rodd speed to you.

PLECK: It's just Rodd here, normally.

TIMMIS: Just Normal Rodd?

PLECK: No, just Rodd.

TIMMIS: [offended] That's pretty presumptuous for you guys to think your Rodd is the normal Rodd. We just called- I thought that was pretty nice of us to say Little Rodd.

PLECK: Yeah, it's weird.

TIMMIS: We assumed there were bigger Rodds out there.

AJ: Should I close the door, or what?

PLECK: Yeah, you should just close the door.

TIMMIS: All right, now to die of old age in prison.

[Pleck closes the fridge]

PLECK: Hey, guys, listen, I owe you all an apology. Dar, I'm sorry I got you in your head about your anxieties. C-53, I'm sorry for bringing up the sea captain again. AJ, I'm--

DAR: Can't believe you're bringing this all up now. I'd kind of forgotten about it, and now--

AJ: Yeah, I don't really care.

DAR: I have to relive it.

PLECK: And Bargie, I'm sorry I left the hatch open for so long while I loaded boxes by myself.

BARGIE: You don't need to apologize to me. You know, I'm working with someone new now. They're not my manager, but they're my free adviceager.

PLECK: Oh. Really?

BARGIE: Listen, man.

PLECK: Oh, Nermut!

NERMUT: Yeah, guys, I turned down the job of Bargie's manager because it offered no perks, but I am--

C-53: What do you get as a free adviceager?

NERMUT: Nothing. It's free.

BARGIE: Neither of us gain from this relationship, so it's very neutral.

PLECK: I think you're describing a friend, Bargie.

BARGIE: We just hang out, we just talk.

NERMUT: No, it's not a friend, it's free advice.

BARGIE: It's not a friendship, yeah. We gossip.

PLECK: Yeah, that's a friend.

BARGIE: We give each other nicknames.

PLECK: Alright, well, whatever makes you guys both feel good.

BARGIE: Yeah. Okay.

DAR: Yes, someone should be feeling good right now, and I'm glad it's you, Bargie.

AJ: Hey, Dar, don't be that upset that I beat you.

BARGIE: Wow.

DAR: You're right, it's not that big a deal because we can go again right now!

PLECK: Oh, no, come on, guys, not this again.

C-53: I'll get the scoreboard.

[cheering begins]

PLECK: Where did the cheerleaders– Why did the cheerleaders get on the ship with us?

ARM WRESTLING JUDGE: Did anybody ask for an arm-wrestling judge?

C-53: Nobody said that, but yeah, we do need you, yes.

ARM WRESTLING JUDGE: Okay, my son still hasn't picked me up.

C-53: [worried] Oh, no. It's well past four!

[Communicator beeps]

PLECK: Hello?

TRUCK: MAAAA!

[Closing music]

C-RED-IT-5: This is C-RED-IT-5, credits and attributions droid, commencing outro protocol.

Pleck Decksetter was played by Alden Ford.

C-53 was played by Jeremy Bent.

Captain Dar was played by Allie Kokesh.

Bargie the Ship, Jimpy, and the elderly arm-wrestling judge were played by Moujan Zolfaghari.

TEEN MOM Nermut Bundaloy and the Truck were played by Seth Lind.

AJ was played by Winston Noel.

Timmis the Germ was played by special guest Branson Reese. Branson is a cartoonist, writer, and comedian in Brooklyn. He is DM of the popular actual play podcast, Rude Tales of Magic. Author and illustrator of the book Hell Was Full, and creator of the webcomic, Swan Boy. Branson has also written for We Bare Bears on Cartoon Network, and acted in Alternatino with Arturo Castro on Comedy Central. Follow him on Twitter @BransonReese.

This episode was edited by Alden Ford, sound design and mix by Shane O'Connell. Theme music composed by Brendan Ryan and performed by FAMES Macedonian Symphonic Orchestra

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Opening call narration by Jeremy Crutchley.

Ship design for the Bargarean Jade by Eric Geusz. Audio hosting by Simplecast. Mission to Zyxx is a proud member of the Maximum Fun Network.

AD: Welcome!

LISTENERS: Thank you! Thanks!

AD: These are real podcast listeners. Not actors. What do YOU look for in a podcast?

LISTENER A: Reliability is big for me.

LISTENER B: Power.

LISTENER C: I'd say, comfort!

AD: What do you think of this?

[exploding clanking sounds]

JORDAN AND JESSE: Uooowgh...

LISTENER B: That's Jordan Jesse Go!

LISTENER C: Jordan Jesse Go?

LISTENER B: They came out of the... floor? And down from the... ceiling?

LISTENER A: That can't be safe.

LISTENER B: I'm upset. Can we go now?

AD: Soon. Jordan Jesse Go: A Real Podcast

AD: Strange planets. Curious technology. And a fantastic vision of the near future. Featuring Martin Starr.

MARTIN: So we're going on day fourteen... Shuttle still hasn't come.

AD: Aparna Nancherla.

APARNA: Security system provides you with emotional security. You do the rest!

AD: Echo Kellum.

ECHO: Can you disconnect me or not?

AD: Hari Kondabolu.

HARI: I'm staying.

AD: From Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy, Jeffrey McGiver.

JEFFREY: Could you play Cindy Lauper's "Girls Just Want to Have Fun"?

AD: It's The Outer Reach: Stories From Beyond. Now available for free at MaximumFun.org or anywhere you listen.

OUTRO: Maximum Fun dot org. Comedy and culture. Artist owned, audience supported.

WINSTON: You know, like the bacteria, I'm sure it's like...

ALDEN: What if, this is insane, what if every Clint has an alternate dimension Timmis world in their helmet?

JEREMY: G-gooooood.

ALDEN: They're like mirror images. And we find one where Timmis has died but the rest of the planet...

JEREMY: That is so crazy. That is so funny.

ALDEN: That's... maybe too insane, that is so bananas.

SETH: Wait, it's like the reverse of the end of Men in Black where it like zooms out to a marble. It's like it's zooming into every...

ALDEN: Every Clint helmet?

JEREMY: God.

ALDEN: That might be too insane even for us.

JEREMY: You think?

ALDEN: Too much.